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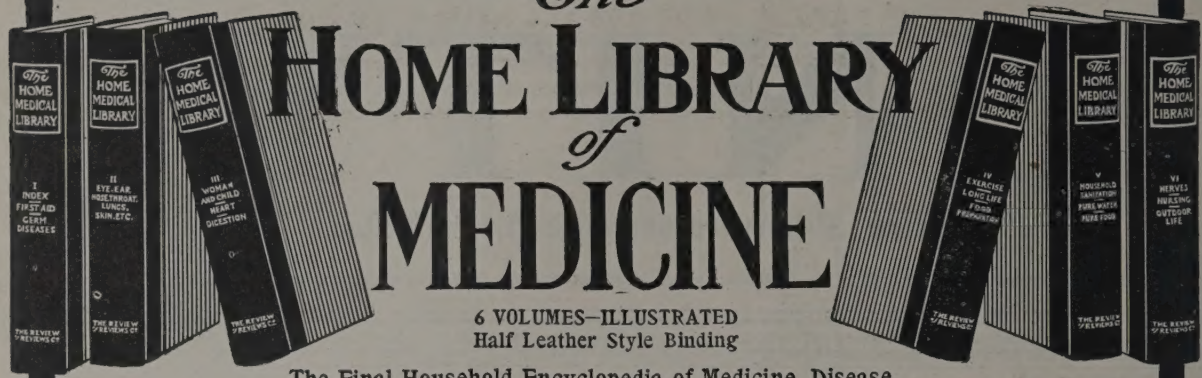

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907 | NUMBER 8

POETRY.

I AM the reality of things that seem;
The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,
Languor to love, and finding joy from pain.
I am the waking, who am called the dream;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the altar-fire within the fane;
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the sea to which flows every stream.
I am the utmost height there is to climb;
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;
I am stability, all else will pass;
I am eternity, encircling time;
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can—
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

Ella Heath.

The Editor of *Charities* thinks that "the complete interpretation of the parable of the good Samaritan" is hardly reached in Baedecker's advice to the beggar-tortured traveler in Naples who is taught to say "Va via!"—"Get out!"

A recent Spanish law is reported which provides that employers must keep the positions for mothers absent on account of child-birth. Provision is also made under the law for a respite in the forenoon and afternoon that nursing mothers may provide for their babes. The law is manifestly the outcome of humane intentions but there is a brutal cruelty further back. Let the able-bodied men, the fathers, sons and husbands of these women, be released from their non-productive service on the fields of Mars and restore them to the fields and factories of Spain that mothers may be restored to the full dignities and responsibilities of motherhood. The peasant women of Europe are made the drudges of the field and shop because the peasant men of Europe are made the fops of the camp, the parasites of the army.

It is a flippant and visionless attitude of mind that dismisses as a failure the Tri-Church Union movement which has engaged so much of the attention of the Congregationalists of America and the two bodies most nearly akin—the United Brethren and the Protestant Methodists. It is only a crass materialism that can pronounce these sincere groping and high aspirations as of no avail or as having come to naught. The *Congregationalist* for October 19 has a truer vision, a more just estimation, when it says:

"The feature of the National Council by which it will be longest remembered will probably be the committee of twenty-eight sitting before an audience of delegates crowding the church to the doors, and listening to speakers for and against the proposed union and to arguments and opinions on various kinds of union. Whatever the immediate outcome may be, the important fact is that a process of education is going on whose results will profoundly affect future Congregationalism. Changes in our denominational polity through pressure from within must probably be made before we can unite with other denominations to form a more comprehensive and efficient church. None of these movements, however, are in vain. Interest in the union now under consideration is extending through the rank and file of our churches, and through the two other denominations also. It may be a decade or a score of years before Congregationalists unite with any other bodies. But that the enlargement is coming and that work now going on is bringing about such enlargement we have no doubt whatever."

An exchange rejoices in the fact that a recent new building dedicated to religion "looked like a church, like a place of worship in any quarter of the world because it was modeled after the great cathedrals which have ever been the wonder of the world." This may be a laudable emotion at a "dedication" but when next that dedicator visits this building we hope he may be able to say: This is a church, indeed, and not simply "like a church," an echo of a mediaeval cathedral, which may be a "wonder of the world," but which has ceased to be a primal source of power in the life of today or a symbol of the truest devoutness of today. Must the twentieth century hark back to the twelfth century for architectural ideals in order to inspire devotion or to justify its ideality? Perhaps in the realm of religion, as in the realm of art, a poor "creation" is more promising than a good copy.

The *Universalist Leader* for October 19 publishes the sermon which Dr. Jean Reville, the eminent French preacher, delivered on a Sunday morning in the First Church of Boston during the recent International Congress. It is a high utterance worthy of wide circulation. In it occurs this searching passage:

"In crossing the ocean to come to you, I was thinking of the message I had to bring here from your friends of France, and these high thoughts of a great catholic communion between all free believers haunted my mind in the solemn silence of a splendid summer night. The twinkling of stars illuminated the sky and the regular movement of the powerful steamer asserted the force of human genius in that immense wilderness of water. And as I was thinking so, it seemed to me as if from all these stars came down on me, poor and miserable creature, a supreme consecration of hope and faith, and from that legion of worlds scattered in unfathomable space came to me an echo of other souls praying and worshiping—for we cannot believe life to be limited to our own small planet—other souls praying and worshiping, not like us, but with other forms, other languages that we cannot even conceive, but like us yearning with all their might for the eternal source of universal life and whose highest destiny is, like ours, to realize justice in faith and liberty. Then I understood the message I was bringing here was not one of simple fugitive words, but one of universal and eternal truth."

The *Lancet*, that medical paper in England that does so much good preaching, goes to the bottom of the cigarette habit and points out the fact that its greatest danger lies in the fact that it is so handy and

because apparently so innocent and slight that it leads all the more surely to the servitude of the weed. The boy begins with the cigarette because it is so little tobacco and it is through with so quickly. He is thus imminently bargaining for life-long slavery. This high medical authority says that cigarette smokers in the end "consume more tobacco in that form than they would in any other." Doubtless there are other incidental poisons in some cigarettes but the worst thing in the cigarette is the tobacco in it, the same, nasty, expensive, demoralizing stuff that renders the use of it, under any conditions, in all forms, by any person, utterly deplorable. It is an expensive, insidious and vulgar poison and the plainer these facts are stated and the more squarely they are faced the better for all parties concerned.

Does not Professor Ross in the October *Atlantic Monthly* come near the truth when he says that "while men are improving in their personal relations, the control of industries and business is becoming impersonal; consequently the strife between employer and employé never so bitter. This explains the paradox of modern society—the growth of the humanities on the one hand, the grewsome degeneracy of industries and the far-reaching enslavement of great masses of unilluminated and unhappy labor on the other hand. It is not the laborer or the employer of labor that is at fault but apparently a third something, sometimes called business necessity, sometimes capital, sometimes corporations, but it is always that impersonal something which the man in the office and the man at the forge alike deplore but in the presence of which both plead their imbecility and rightly so. The economic wrongs of today are beyond the reach of the indivuals involved at either end of the strife. The employer and the employé both are sufferers and through their combined efforts the state, to which they both belong, must take hold. These soulless creatures of law must be curbed and directed and when needs be destroyed by law. There is nothing more pathetic to the student of justice and human progress than the slavish way in which capitalists obey the behests of capital which they continually deplore. Is the "Business" worth saying at the sacrifice of the man? Is its perpetuation to be commended at the cost of the humanities?

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September gives a vivid and detailed account of the "Rescue of the Harvard House—Stratford-on-Avon," from the pen of Marie Correlli herself, whose justifiable enthusiasm for the antiquities that gather around the name and place of Shakespeare persuaded an American capitalist to save from neglect and ruin the home of the mother of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. The writer fancies that Shakespeare probably saw Catherine Rogers, the beautiful bride of twenty-one, on her way to be wedded; that he almost certainly saw often John Harvard, the child, whose mother brought him to pass the summer months at the old home. He was nine years of age when Shakespeare died. The illustration of both the exterior and interior show a beautifully interesting old building, and it is a source of congratulation to the friends of culture on both sides of the Atlantic that this building is to be preserved as a common trysting ground where Old England and New England may meet in loving communion and exchange vows of friendship. We are glad this thing is done and heartily commend the doing, but it awakens a sense of sadness and incongruity that so many sanctities near at home are neglected, so many American shrines are being desecrated, perhaps forgotten. Perhaps, again, some English tourist may come and for the credit of the English-speaking race will rescue and restore the places in this new continent that were made sacred by the touch of world helpers. For America has had its blessed mothers to whom it was given to bear holy sons who have helped make this world a better place for children to be born in and of whose memory the American people are all too careless.

The Hague Conference No Failure

We share with the *Advocate of Peace* a regret over the prevailing feeling in this country that the Conference has been "a farce, a dead failure, and that no valuable results will come of it." It is simple justice and good sense that judgment should be withheld until the facts are known. The Conference wisely sat with closed doors and its reports are not yet published. That it has accomplished direct results of great significance we hope, but its greater achievements are the indirect results, of which we are already assured. The mere fact that forty-six powers, representing practically the civilized world, have been in official consultation for four continuous months and that these representatives have discussed amicably and frankly the great fundamental principles of international amity and comity is triumph enough to make the welkin ring with huzzahs and hallelujahs.

That the decisive legislation was beyond the reach of this Conference ought to be no surprise. The inconceivable investments of treasure, scientific ambition and commendable patriotism that is represented by the armies and navies of the world indicate the terrible weight of conservatism the Conference had to contend with.

Why should we wonder that so little has been accomplished at The Hague, though no one yet fully knows what has been accomplished, while the President of the United States, who, perhaps, had most to do in bringing about this Conference, while the deliberations looking towards a curtailment of armament were being seriously discussed by the wise and trusted representatives of the nation, is bumptiously exploiting before great multitudes of American people his arguments for a larger navy and tossing off some more of the brutal epigrams that go so far to neutralize, in the

estimation of the wisest, his triumphs in the field of reform.

His, "the only way to parry is to hit," is the philosophy of the ring, the argument of the pugilist, unworthy the president of a great democracy, to say nothing of one who confesses his admiration for and loyalty to the book wherein we read, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and a disciple of the meek and lowly who preached the gospel of peace for the kingdom of God here and now.

We are content to accept The Hague Conference at its minimum as a splendid omen for the better times to come, a glowing prophecy, and we are content to wait patiently for the report of this Conference before pronouncing upon its labors. Meanwhile, our President notwithstanding, we believe that this agitation for peace is entirely consistent with national self-respect and self-preservation. The "peace with insult" of the Cairo speech is an epigram charged with foolishness, whether it be tested by the standards of highest morality and profoundest psychology or by the experience of the individual and the history of nations.

While waiting for the final report of the Conference at The Hague we have much to encourage us in the report of the tenth International Peace Congress at Munich, a full report of which we find in the pages of the October number of the *Advocate of Peace*. This also was a memorable meeting of some four hundred delegates representing the leading powers of Europe. Heretofore we have not taken very seriously the Esperanto movement, but when we learn that at the Congress of Munich thirty-five peace societies had informed the international bureau of their readiness to correspond in Esperanto and that in the future Esperanto can be used during the debates and the records are to be kept in the same, a new interest is awakened in this made language. It may well be called an "emergency tongue." The nations are being drawn so close the one to the other by the power of commerce and science, as well as morals and religion, that it seems as though the world cannot much longer get along without a common speech.

Over against this short-ranged pessimism and impatience of our American journals, it is refreshing to turn to a communication which Count Itagaki, of Tokio, Japan, President of a Japan Peace Society, sent to the President of The Hague Conference, in which he presents the three chief causes of war and argues for their amelioration or abolition, viz.:

1. The taking possession of foreign land by force for the purpose of territorial expansion.

2. Refusing other nationalities privileges of commerce.

3. The exclusion of the races.

How well the Japanese Count maintains these, to our mind, utterly unanswerable propositions, can be known only to those who read his communication. Meanwhile here is a "Pagan" shaming our "Christian" practices and rebuking our "Christian" pretensions.

THE PULPIT

Looking Toward Sunset

SERMON PREACHED AT MILL HILL CHAPEL, LEEDS, BY DR. ROBERT COLLYER, SEPTEMBER 15, 1907, AND AT ESSEX CHURCH, LONDON, ON THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY. REPRINTED FROM THE LONDON INQUIRER.

I think it is no wonder that, as the years come and go, and we fare on towards the sunset of the life that now is, the heart in us should feel a touch of dismay now and then when we try to imagine ourselves out of the body, but the same man or woman; away from the world we live in, yet still in a home which will be homelike and welcome, and of a day when the seasons will be no more what they have been, or the sun and stars, the streets on which we walk, or the homes in which we dwell.

A time when we can clasp hands with friends no more in the good familiar fashion, or bid them good morning or good evening. Sit no more at the table and join in the cheerful talk, go to our work in the morning, and, when the day's stint is done, go home, take some book we love best to read, turn the familiar pages with an ever new delight, and then go to sleep through the silent shadowy hours to wake again in the morning and find that God has made all things new.

And I think this touch of dismay may well be of all things natural, and therefore right, because we are in this body, and find that in the measure of our life is our loyalty to the things we can touch and see. For in the thin shadow of the man I met one day, far up among the nineties, this loyalty to the world he lives in, lingering like a frosted apple on the tree in January, was no more than an instinct to hold on; but to those who are still hale and strong it is a loyalty for which they can give good reason.

They love to watch the spring open, and find her fragrance fill them with the old delight, the summer flood the world with her fruits and flowers, and are glad for the golden treasures of the autumn, the white glory of the winter, and the tumultuous privacy of the storms that lure the summer again indoors, and set them laughing by sea-coal or hard wood fires.

This is all so dear to us, and so human, that it comes a little hard now and then for the bravest and best in this simple human sense to think of a time when all this can be no more what it is here and now; and so it ought to be, and, if the option was open to a great many of us, while the tides of life run deep and full, to exchange the life we are living for the splendors of the celestial city the seer saw in his vision —to give up the steady fight for bread and garments, a roof and a fire, with all the hurly-burly of the days, for the white robes, the harps and crowns, in a world as free from contentions as the great deeps of the Atlantic are free from the storms, very few of us who are in the midst of life would hesitate to say we love this best after all, and do not want to give it up, no matter what may be waiting in the blessed life to come.

That may be, and, indeed, must be all right, while we think not seldom this is all wrong; but this is so close to us and so familiar, so blended in the woof and warp of our being that we cannot give it up. The gravitation of our being binds us to our planet, and we cannot cry, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest."

Nor can I think this trouble is met by the teaching, far more urgent in my youth than it is now, that we should think of this human life, which is our gift from

God, as if it were in quarantine, and this world a place to have done with the sooner the better, so that we may win our way to the immortal life to come.

Some such conclusion may come, I know, through our brooding over the meanness and poverty of the best we can hope for down here, if we take that turn; or it may come to those who have had to fight sore battles with the world, or who have drained their life of all its pleasantness, bartering joy for enjoyment, and then would toss it away like the skin of an orange.

But those I hold this moment in my mind are always able to make out this clear truth, that the men who have talked in this strain were out of sorts with this world and its wholesome life, or else they were men who did not practice what they preached. Men like my good Matthew Henry, to whose chapel in Chester I went on pilgrimage. My good Matthew is forever talking in this strain, through his vast and capital commentary; and yet his portrait reveals one of the most comfortable divines you would want to see in the last times of the old Puritan life in England. This is the man who tells me to sit lightly to my life, as a bird on the spray, while you can see quite easily that the men who have made the best mark and the deepest, of whose works in this world you can say, "Now, here is something primal and pregnant, something which holds in its heart a seed of worth which has grown with the world's growth, and must live and be resown to noble harvests." These, as a rule, are the men of an abounding human life; men, as we say, who were *all there,* with no special turn for lentils and herbs, or hair-cloth next to the skin, when they could compass fair white linen. They were men who had a strong grip on this world which was their home, and while they were on their way to a place among the saints—if this lay in their election—they could go out hunting with St. Augustine, or play sweet tunes on the violin, or sing old ballads with Luther. They were men who, while their life stood well above zero, could feel it was good to be here, and wanted no new tabernacles so long as the old ones served them so well.

This truth holds good again with those we know of that have no special claim to a place among the saints. The grand builders and inventors, the great artists and musicians, the poets and authors whose books we read with perpetual delight.

These, as a rule, lived very close to our life, and loved it with all their heart. Loved their own land, like our good Sir Walter Scott. Loved the waters, and to go a-fishing with dear old Izaac Walton; and with Paley, who tells a friend in one of his letters that he cannot think of writing another word in his once famous book of the "Evidences" until fly fishing was over—loved the splendid movement of great cities with Johnson, Charles Lamb, and Thackeray, or the kindly humors of the common life with Charles Dickens—and more beside than I can name loved the shadows of the woods, the sunshine on the meres, and the crowned splendors of the fells with Wordsworth. So I say the men of the most worth to this world were deepest in our life, and did not love to brood over a day when they must leave us, and the place which knew them would know them no more, when they would see the Hudson no more, or the Tweed or Concord river, or the Charles—leave Fleet street forever and the Strand, Broadway or Boston Common, the haunts of living, loving men, their neighbors and friends.

So "I do not want to die," sturdy Samuel Johnson said; or, "to drop like mellow fruit," Charles Lamb wrote to his friend. They were well suited, and this was one condition of their love and loyalty, that they were children of the light and of the day, therefore the light and the day abides in what they have done.

This, indeed, is all so true that, when you bring the truth home to the teaching which has gone dead against it, time out of mind, it is to find that the men of a supreme power and purpose in the pulpit, men like Beecher and Bellows and Bishop Brooks, to speak only of the great dead we have known, were the most abundantly gifted with this love and loyalty to our life.

Nor is this touch of trouble met and mastered by the thought that there may be—will be—must be—infinite blessing through our passing into the infinite, losing our own personal identity, and becoming one with that life, as the raindrops become one with the ocean, or as the mist floating in the rainbow above Niagara is swept down to become one again with the water floods below.

No one thing in this universe can be of a deeper moment to a whole and sound man than his own proper personal life. You may talk with him from this to doomsday about being lost in the infinite, he will still cling to himself as the true factor, and say with a very noble man I knew, who has gone out of the body to God: "I should prefer hell to annihilation." The angels are well enough, but he would not be an angel. Angels have had no mothers to croon over them, by what he can make out; or fathers to romp with them and play games. They never fell in love when their time came, wondering over their rare fortune, or made homes where the children clung about their knees, or fought strong battles for the truth and the right, or wept over graves; angels, then, must be poor, where such a man is rich, or rich in some way he cannot as yet understand. He has solved the problem so far of his own personal identity, and would not have it resolved into the grandest presence that ever trod the earth; these years with their clustering memories are his own years, they stand out clear and reveal to the man his own life. "A poor thing," he may say, "but mine own"; full of mistakes, but mine own. I want to keep track of myself; send me where you will, but let me be sure that I am still the man who is now living this human life as those are who have lived human lives with me. "The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, who walk with us no more," they will be there in the life to come, not unclothed, but clothed upon; and then I shall rest in hope, for—

> It is the dear belief
> That on some solemn shore
> Beyond the reach of grief
> We find our own once more,
> Beyond the sphere of time,
> And sense and fate's control;
> Serene in changeless prime,
> Dwells the immortal soul.
> This faith I fain would keep,
> This hope would not forego.
> Eternal be the sleep,
> If not to waken so.

There must be another life to round this out and clothe it with perfection. The tree in my garden loses nine blossoms where it ripens one globe of fruit, but that does not trouble my tree. The wild things let their young go forth and they are presently forgotten. The flocks and herds are kith and kin, but one is taken and another left, and tomorrow it is all the same. They do not regret their mistakes or sorrow for their sins as I must, their life rounds itself out, and is complete when they die. The insect of an afternoon, the creature of a hundred years, they have no hauntings

of a life before, or visions of a life hereafter. But the blossoms fall from the trees of my life, the yearlings die out of my flock, old friends are taken and I am left, those dear to me as my life, or dearer, and I cannot prevent this longing after them, because they are part of myself, and I am only as shards and shreds of the whole fair circle my soul demands, if being mine here, they are not mine hereafter.

And in looking into my own life, I can see where I have missed my way and want to try again. I am only a learner, I want still to learn, and turn my lesson to some noble use, so what can this incompleteness mean which haunts me but the intimation of completeness? This claim, as it seems to me, is founded in fair reason, and we hold the right to see the account come out fair and true on this ground, if on no other. These searching sorrows and regrets are the vouchers for it, and their long enduring is the promise that they will hold good. While this pure love for the life we live down here, great and noble in a true proportion of its worth to the world, with the unslain desire, that what we gain in this life shall not be lost when we have done with these bodies—what is all this, though there were no surer word about it, but the hold of the human soul on her own, now and forever?

May I not say once more that the years, as they come and go, should bring the heart to understand that this we call death should not be thought of—and especially by those who, like myself, have had a long lease of life—as a bane but a blessing—and not to die would be the bane no man could bear; while so surely would this world be the loser by our staying, that those who love us most dearly would pray that we might be set free from the burden of the over many years.

For it would make no matter to the creatures of the lower creation we have glanced at if their life could run on forever in the old kindly grooves, because they must measure their life by their instincts, and the present moment is the perfect sphere; they want no better, as they fear no worse, and take no thought for the morrow, but the thing, the squirrel his nuts, and the bee his honey, and so through all the spheres of their life.

For as Chaucer's birds sang while his pilgrims rode to Canterbury, so they were singing when I walked with my friend a few years ago over the same grass-grown road by Guildford; and the swallows that built their nests then on the coigns of the grand cathedral had built that spring by the altars of the Lord; while the brood of last year was forgotten, the brood of this year was their first-born, and there are no grandchildren for them in the woods, or the meadows, or golden or silver weddings. Therefore, it would be no trouble to them if their life could go on through the ages, as it goes through their brief span.

But here lies the distinction between our life and theirs; where they have instincts, we have memories; where they have habits, we have outlooks and inlooks, anticipations and reflections, and our manhood, on the line to which we have risen, holds in its heart our cross and our crown.

The glamour of youth is mine no more, when the years have told their tale; yet I may remember the May days with a most tender regret, and long for my spring as I sit on the snow line. Yet I know, or ought to know, that this I long for could not be the May I remember, because memory would rob me of her choicest charm, and the succession of sameness would blight the blossoms before they could set the fruit; and so on this ground I can be aware in some dim fashion why the eternal love should give me the blessed boon of death, when I have drunk my fill at the fountains of life down here, and it is time to cross the bar.

And then I must take this truth home to my heart, that, by the time I have had enough of life, the world I live in now may have had enough of me, so that I must not only get out of the world, but out of the way, so that the new man may have room for the work he must do, free from my jeremiads, that the new time cannot hold a candle to the time when I was young.

Because I take this to be the truth with a few noble exceptions, that the elder world does not take over kindly to the younger, with its swift onward movement, and so the time comes when we may say with a wise and good man of the last age, "I am receptive no more as I was in my youth to the new life all about me or the new thought; I have hardened down slowly to the man I must be now to the end of the chapter."

So the time comes to the most of us, when we begin to trace the truth of the new time by the lines of longitude and forget the lines of latitude; we do not believe in the new man from the Lord, but want the old man and manhood that will be true to our line of measurement.

So Morse held the string of the kite which fell from Franklin's hand, but I have to wonder whether even that great domed brain would have given a warm welcome, if he could have lived, to the man of the new time, and good old Sir Humphrey Davy would have fellowship with young Michael Faraday, or any physician in England over forty years of age accept Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood?

I knew a very noble old man in the ministry, whose son also became a minister, and whose soul was taken captive by the truth born of the new time. Well, he loved the lad as he loved his own life, but the best the old man could say, when he found the young man was drifting, was "I do not believe in his teaching, but I believe in him." He could not believe in the lines of latitude, only in those of longitude. He wanted his boy to be, what we call "a chip off the old block." He would have the old wine in the old bottles, and the more cobwebs on them the better the wine, and yet forty or fifty years before, he himself was a pioneer of the ever new truth.

So I think the time comes for the most of us, when we cease to learn and begin to forget how it was with us so long ago, when, it may be, we stood well to the front as he did, the good old man, and can believe in or welcome no more the incoming truth and life fresh from on high, until we go hence and drink of the new wine of the kingdom.

And, again, is not this true, that as we grow old the knowledge of the evil which is in the world begins to lie like lead on us, while the knowledge of the good can hardly hold its own?

I may deal with nine men who are honest and true as the day, but the tenth man may take me in. Well, I lose more grace by that one man than I gain by the nine, think more of the bitter than the sweet, brood over the cruelty and forget the mercy, write the word rogue with a pen of iron on the rock of my memory, and let the others go down the wind. Grow, it may be, a little harder and alert to suspect rather than to believe in my human kind, lose track of the generous and the trustful heart, and call the thing which has usurped its place "wisdom."

And so, if this could go on and on, where should we land? So well might the good Bishop Hugo say 700

years ago, when one bemoaned his death as an evil, "An evil, sayest thou? nay, but I warrant thee, it would be a greater evil to live."

Therefore, as the years steal on, I love to muse over this mystery of the life that now is and of that which is to come; to thank God for this we have, so full of worth if we are worthy; and then, as I wonder over that which is to come, I turn to my gospels and listen to the master and divine seer who held it all in his heart.

And while I must say, with the great apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," I would hold on well to the faith that I shall be myself when I pass from the shadows of the seen and temporal into the light of the unseen and eternal.

I shall pass out of one room in the many mansions into another, and what treasure in the heavens was mine here, will be mine there, while that which is to come will not seem so much another life as the ripeness and perfecting of this life that now is.

> "Free from the fickle and the frail,
> With gathered powers yet the same."

Even as that which befalls the corn or wheat, which "except it die abideth alone, but if it die bringeth forth much fruit," is not annihilation but transfiguration, in Paul's happy figure.

A wise man says, "To lose faith in the immortal life is to paralyze the life that now is, and to sap the springs of our deepest love;" but this is my faith that the passing, over which I may brood with a touch of dismay while the springs of life run strong and full, will not wrest me, will not wrest you, out of ourselves and land us strangers in a life in no wise of kin to this.

We may say we know nothing about the mystery of the life beyond, but this is not true if we believe in him who brought life and immortality to light.

We know enough to keep the heart from trouble, and this is what we need to know, for it was the heart's love which brought us here, that nursed us forth, bore with us, believed in us, hoped for us, and never failed, and that death cannot slay.

Let me sit down with some white patriarch, whose sun is setting, and whose life has fallen to the lowest ebb of the tide, and I will tell you what I should expect to find. I should expect to find the good old head was giving way, but not the heart. Has he done his day's work? he is tired now and has sat down to rest. Has he speculated, as we do, over the wonders and mysteries? he speculates no more, he is resting. Did passion clutch him once, and appetite? they are as the white ashes of burnt embers. Did he nourish some one ambition? it is no more to him now than when he began "to learn the use of I and me." Here where the head has been the main factor, it may be he is silent, there is no communion, but I turn and touch the heart strings and these vibrate and give forth the music.

"Do you remember the old home and the mother when you were a boy? And when you lost your heart to the one maiden in all the world? And how you made a home together and held it sacred through the years to your golden wedding, and those little graves? Are all these forgotten?"

No, no, the dim old eyes light up with the sweet and the bitter-sweet recollections. They are all there, peopling the silent chambers, and he forgets that he is weary as he sits there telling me what a royal life that was when the world was young, so many years ago!

And so I love to believe in—what shall I call it?—the solidarity of life here and thereafter. That I am to be myself whatever befalls—the myself I long to be, released from the body of this death, and to bear with me all that is best worth God's saving in my life down here. And not a flower has bloomed or a well sprung up for my blessing, or a bird sung, or a dear friend clasped hands with mine, or tears fallen or laughter rippled out of a pure joy—to be forgotten. I would be myself, and myself is this soul which has stored up the essence of all that shall be of an immortal worth since I lay a babe in the cradle so far away in time and space.

Jerome Carden going over into England more than 300 years ago says "The English seem to have no fear of death, but with kisses and salutations parents and children part. The dying say they depart into the immortal life, and there they shall await those they leave behind them, while each exhorts the other to hold him in memory, so cheerfully and without blanching they meet death. So should we, so would I with the faith in my heart of my dear old friend who sang:—

> The ship may sink,
> And I may drink
> A hasty death in the bitter sea,
> But all I leave
> In the ocean grave
> Can be clipped and spared and no loss to me.
> What care I
> Though falls the sky
> And the shriveling earth to a cinder turn,
> The fires of doom
> Can never consume
> What never was made nor meant to burn.
> Let go the breath,
> There is no death
> To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm;
> Not of the clod
> Is the life of God,
> Let it mount as it will from form to form.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Church Union Phantom

Austin Bierbower.

Church unity, the dream of churchmen, is no ideal for the church, its realization is not only impossible but undesirable. The condition of Christian evidence is not fitted for unity. There are too many things uncertain in the teachings of Christianity. People must differ about these and differ about all of them. There can be no unity except by suppressing investigation. If people are allowed to think and express their thoughts there must be constant disputes. No creed can be formulated that will express a universal opinion. The essentials of Christianity are as much disputed as the rest and there can be no substantial agreement on what these are. Among the doctrines in dispute are the trinity, the infallibility of the church and of the Bible, and the effect of baptism, ordination and other ceremonies. There is no unity on the doctrine of the incarnation, the atonement, future punishment or miracles. With such differences men cannot be one in mind, and if not one in mind they cannot be one in organization. Few are willing to be organized to promote views which they do not hold and they cannot work harmoniously to one end when they have divergent purposes. Unitarians do not want either a creed or worship which affirms the Trinity. Universalists and broad churchmen do not want to be saving men from a hell which they think does not exist. Protestants do not want to worship the virgin and

saints who are not believed to hear prayers. There is no natural basis for church unity and an artificial one, forced and insincere, cannot long endure.

The unity of the church under such circumstances is not desirable, we say, any more than practicable, and there are no indications that the circumstances will ever materially change. There is more demand for candor, intelligence and liberty than for unity. People pride themselves on their individuality more than on what they have in common. Their ambition is to find something new, not to get into acquiesence with the old. There is no rush to take up the opinions of others, or to surrender what we have recently learned in order to adopt what has always been believed.

In all times of enlightenment the people are greatly differentiated. Uniformity leaves them as they grow intelligent and each becomes more of an individual and less of a class type. He gets in his views and practices what he will not give up as his individuality. To make men uniform in faith or worship we must suppress nearly everything valuable in their personality. We have not yet reached the limit of our differentiation, but are still finding more truth and taking new views. We are changing more rapidly than we are settling, being still in the growing period. We are not yet all that we shall be and so do not care to make ourselves permanent. Church unity is something that suggests death, a state in which the people are to be embalmed into a perpetual condition and laid away. While there is so much life and aggressiveness there is no finality of either views or policy.

Real Religious Fellowship

We print in this column an article on "The Church Union Phantom" which seems to us to miss the real point in which we are interested. Our friend is quite right in contending that "there can be no creed formulated" on which various denominations either would or should unite; but is it so clear that "men cannot be in one mind" and "cannot be in one organization," so long as they have different ideas about the trinity, the Bible, atonement, miracles, etc.?

Is there not a complete demonstration of the falsity of this contention, in practically every "orthodox" church in the country? All orthodox ministers are well aware that no church creed is actually believed by all the members and practically all churches now adopt their creeds for "substance of doctrine" only. In the Congregational Church where the writer was pastor, no formal acceptance of a creed was required for church membership and everywhere it is being demonstrated that no two people can have exactly the same intellectual concepts. Heredity, temperament, individual experience, local conditions, all these color the very words of creeds and dogmas.

But, again, we agree that men will not organize "to promote views which they do not hold" and that they cannot work harmoniously "when they have divergent purposes," and yet we ask what has this to do with a real working Church? Is it necessarily true that the purpose of a working church is to promote certain views of the Bible, the Trinity, the atonement and the miracles? It is the contention of Dr. Foster in "The Finality of the Christian Religion" that nothing need be lost even if it were impossible to demonstrate that Jesus ever lived in Palestine. He believes that Jesus did live, lived the purest, truest, most unselfish life that any man ever lived on the earth, but he insists that the Christian religion does not rest on any mere belief in certain facts of Christ's life. And surely we are finding everywhere in every denomination that many of the old dogmas are being abandoned, and yet the great need and purpose and opportunity of the church remains and will remain practically unchanged. Men can agree and do unite in their purposes and ideals, who are miles apart in theological convictions. What is the great purpose of the church? Not the promotion of intellectual creeds, but the building of ethical lives!

Doubtless it has been true in many Christian churches, certainly it was true in many centuries of Christian history, that some "filioque" of the creed has seemed of more importance than the real ministry which the Master enjoined as the one condition of eternal fellowship, but it is nevertheless true that the living, working church is striving for character, and not creed, is devoting its energies to the building of the Kingdom of God on the earth, which is the real purpose of the real church.

Once more, the impossible union of different denominations in true Christian work has been accomplished, as is well known to the student of Christian Missions in China the past year. A Union College, a Union Medical School and a Union Theological Seminary, in which three or more different denominations are cooperating, is a realized fact in China today—not because a creed or a theology was agreed on but because it was ignored as relatively unimportant. Of course, certain fundamentals of theism are necessary, but they are also practically identical in the different denominations and are accepted without dispute, while the non-essentials are coming more and more to be ignored. (As to these fundamentals see this column next week.) To be sure this is not the "church unity" which our correspondent has in mind; as to that we agree that an actual abandonment of denominational lines is neither to be expected nor desired. Nevertheless, here is something real and tangible and it is in harmony with the vital message of Jesus, the message as it is found in the gospels stripped of all preconceptions and dogmatic interpretations.

However men may differ in describing it, those who are awake to the social conditions of our day, particularly in the great cities, cannot escape the conviction that the church is in the midst of a real crisis through which it will only emerge by adapting itself to the new duties and opportunities of the twentieth century. Nor do we believe there is any escape from the conclusion that the only salvation for the church, the only hope for organized religion in any form, lies in such an emphasizing of the great fundamentals revealed in the divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood, as will inspire the churches of all creeds and covenants to a practical co-operation for the redemption of the race. Hitherto the church has too often devoted itself to sacerdotalism on the one hand and therapeutics on the other and has ignored the great middle pathway of ethical redemption, of human righteousness, whereon all the children of the Father may walk together, even unto the real goal of the church which is the transformation of human society into the Kingdom of God. This much of unity—a unity of purpose, and spirit, and goal, seems to us both the blessed privilege and the unescapable obligation of the church of the living God.

C. A. O.

Two good rules of life are: Never be discouraged; never be a discourager.

THE BOOK TABLE

Constructive Bible Studies

Some ten years ago a number of Congregational pastors in Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois interested themselves in a concerted demand for an improved system of instruction in Sunday-schools. After some effort the various state associations appointed committees, instructing them both to consider and to cooperate with other states. In 1900 the three chairmen of these committees (of which the writer happened to be one) arranged a joint meeting in Chicago and one of the resolutions there adopted voiced a call for "text books adapted to the different grades of the Sunday-school," to take the place of the present unsystematic and utterly non-pedagogic scheme of uniform lessons which start for nowhere and arrive.

This appeal was reinforced by many others in different denominations and ultimately presented to the International Lesson Committee Convention at Denver, where it was promptly turned down. The real need, however, has been widely recognized and many efforts to satisfy it have been made by various individuals with only partial success but at last the Chicago University Press has well in hand a complete system of text books for real Sunday-school instruction, with which no other publications can for a moment compare. Some years ago the little book for primary scholars by Florence W. Palmer, entitled "A Year With Jesus," was accepted as one of the best of its kind; now come two books for the primary and intermediate grades which, with their accompanying note books and plans for study, seem to us by far the best Sunday-school lessons for the ages intended ever put into print.

One volume is entitled "Child Religion in Song and Story," by Georgia Louise Chamberlain, already well known as the author of "An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children," and Mrs. Mary Root Kern, a trained artist and musician. These lessons are intended for scholars belonging to the first three grades of the public schools and include thirty-nine lessons with full directions to the teacher and a number of selected songs with music in full. The Pupils' Notebook* contains outlines of drawings with colored crayon for pupils to use, pictures and materials for work.

The other volume entitled "The Life of Jesus," by Herbert W. Gates, recently instructor in Religious Pedagogy in the Chicago Theological Seminary, is even more unique among Sunday-school lessons and seems destined to find an important place in the curriculum of the real Bible School. There have been other lessons for the youngest ones but this is the first important contribution to the series of graded text books for junior classes which has been offered to the public. The Blakeslee Lessons were a great improvement on the International series, but they attempted the impossible feat of grading a uniform system of lessons for all ages. The book in hand seems the only feasible method, as it is the best thing in its line we have seen; nor is it an untried theory, for the lessons have been used for several years with pronounced success and are now put forth in perfected form. The Students' Notebook† is so arranged that the pupil must make his own "Life of Jesus," getting his materials at first hand; it is accompanied by a selected list of pictures which enable him to use the eye and hand as well as the ear. The Manual is carefully compiled and is well calculated to answer the old and common objection to new plans—"insufficient helps." In the lessons on "the parents of Jesus," the baptism, the temptation, and the like, the author's frank acceptance of the achievements of modern scolarship, and yet his devout and spiritual interpretations, are plainly revealed. All that is best and noblest and unquestionable in the life of Jesus is clearly emphasized. Altogether this book marks a new epoch in the publication of helps for a Bible school curriculum. The same publishers have text books for advanced classes, but books are still needed for the older intermediate grades. C. A. O.

* Teacher's Manual, 258 pp., 12mo, cloth, prepaid, $1.00. Pupil's Notebook (with materials), prepaid, 40 cents. The University of Chicago Press.

†*The Life of Jesus*, by Herbert W. Gates. Teacher's Manual. 174 pp., 16mo, cloth, 75 cents postpaid; Pupil's Notebook, 124 pp., 8vo, paper, 50 cents postpaid. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and New York.

Book Notes

A delicious little whimsy comes to me from Funk-Wagnalls Company. It is called "The Emancipation of Miss Susana." It is most capital in its weaving, and fresh in its inception. These little Hour Glass Stories are all good and worth buying. When you are through with them pass them on to somebody who has a pain.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I get two volumes of Ivan Turgenieff—"Smoke" and "The Brigadier." These volumes are, of course, powerful, and they will produce a strong effect on the reader. However, I do not care for but one of these popular Russian writers. I refer to Gogol—an author, so sweet, so pure, so homely that he might well be of the Saxon blood. However, Turgenieff does not taint his pages carnation with Slavic passion—as Tolstoi often does. I am not certain whether I should care to wallow in Russian sentiment, even of the better sort, long enough to read through all the writings of this mighty author. Gogol, on the contrary, I have at my right hand, and cannot read too much.

From Appleton I have received "Yoland of Idle Isle," by Charles Van Norden. Dr. Van Norden is one of our modern liberals, and a close thinker. I do not suppose he expects us to place this novel among the most masterly works of fiction, but it is admirably told, and it is not a mere echo of some other author. There is a boyish spirit running through the book, and this will make it peculiarly interesting as well as useful for young people. At the same time there are everywhere touches of nature philosophy that make the book equally good for adults. E. P. Powell.

Blanche Walsh does a fine piece of acting in Clyde Fitch's new settlement drama, "The Straight Road," where she plays the rôle of Moll O'Hara, a superb creature who is reclaimed from her degraded life in the slums through the ministrations of the Settlement. The villain in the play is so unmistakably a villain that the head of the Settlement House is convicted of rather more than the average intelligent woman's share of credulity when she accepts him as a lover, but the canny Miss Lanner, with her quick intuitions, her refreshing candor, her splendid loyalty and her fine sense of humor, goes far towards redeeming her sex and vocation as well as remedying the defect in the play, if defect it be. The key-note is struck early in Act I. in the lines: "Every one has his or her Achilles' heel of goodness, and she MUST have a woman's soul or the germ of one, buried somewhere beneath all her curses and waywardness. What will rouse it? Oh! to make a woman of her!" There is no obtrusive preaching, but the heart of the play is a noble sermon.

E. H. W.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

President Small Suspended.

A new chapter was added to the history of the telegraphers' strike last week when President Small, acting as he asserts with the advice of the executive board, sent messages to the various unions advising them to vote on his recommendation "to surrender," and because of his action was summarily suspended from office by the executive board. Later developments reveal the hostility of the operators and the entire incident seems to have delayed any possible settlement of the strike for some time. Operators believe that a surrender would practically destroy the union. A statement has reached us from the Women's Protective Association asserting that the wages of women telegraphers in Chicago varies from $15 a week down to less than that for a whole month. Such facts show the difficulties of the problem.

Fight for the Illinois Central.

The annual meeting of the Illinois Central railroad, called in Chicago last week, became a matter of unusual interest owing to the vigorous fight of ex-President Fish to wrest the control of the Central from Mr. Harriman and his associates. On the eve of the meeting Mr. Fish secured an injunction through Judge Hall prohibiting Mr. Harriman and his associates from voting some 286,000 shares of stock held by other corporations, including the Union Pacific, the Mutual Life, Standard Oil, et al. Later Judge Hall modified the order permitting these shares to be voted, providing they did not decide the ballot. If Mr. Fish could control the election exclusive of the these shares he could prevent any action and postpone the annual meeting until December. Otherwise Mr. Harriman's side would promptly elect a new director in place of Stuyvesant Fish. In any event the courts must decide whether a foreign corporation can secure a controlling interest in the Illinois Central, or any competitive railway.

A Record Price for Corn.

One of the many interesting features of the Corn Show at the Coliseum was the auction sale of prize ears from the different exhibits. Mr. L. B. Clore, of Franklin, Ind., who captured about $8,000 in prizes at the show, paid $250 for one ear of his own corn which was put up at auction, rather than permit it to go out of his hands. Another farmer paid $200 for a single ear and this is believed to be a record price for an ear of corn. The Corn Show as a whole has awakened great interest along utilitarian lines, teaching farmers the value of pedigreed seed corn, as well as the method of selecting.

A Terrific Explosion.

By the explosion of the Dupont Powder Mill, at Fontanet, Ind., last week, forty or more persons were killed, six hundred others injured, the nearby town turned into a mass of ruins, and homes and school houses for two or three miles around completely wrecked. The cause of the first explosion is not known, but presumably it resulted from the overheating of a new shaft in the powerhouse. One explosion followed another and the heat from the fire which was started, ultimately ignited the magazine, some three hundred yards from the plant. As the latter and by far the largest explosion did not occur for some ninety minutes after the first, many people had left their homes and thereby escaped injury or death. The town of Fontanet was situated a short distance northeast of Terre Haute and had a population of about one thousand people. Physicians and nurses came from Brazil and Terre Haute and later special trains brought troops as well as blankets, medicine and food from Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Gov. Hanly at once went to the scene of the catastrophe and took personal charge of relief measures.

Politics in New York.

In the last gubernatorial election the democrats and the followers of Mr. Hearst were united in the support of the latter as candidate for governor. One of the spectacular features of the campaign was the speech of Secretary Root, voicing the opinion of President Roosevelt as to the danger of electing such a man as Mr. Hearst. Recently Chairman Parsons of the local republican organization has made joint issue with the Hearst organization and aroused great opposition among the better class of republican newspapers and politicians. The result is a political condition in New York which is calmly described as putting the honest, conscentious voter between "the devil and the deep sea." The natural and hopeful result would be that the political parties would be disregarded and an independent candidate selected for his character and worth.

Extra Work for Dr. Grenfell.

A recent dispatch from Newfoundland states there is widespread distress among the thousands of fisherfolk, who form the large element of that island's population, because the larger part of the Labrador cod fishing fleet is returning home empty after one of the worst seasons on record. This means a winter of misery for hundreds of families who depend entirely upon the fisheries. As it is among these people that Grenfell pursues his heroic mission as physician, lawyer and general providence, his will be a more than ever arduous and self-sacrificing ministry this winter. It is hoped many friends will fill his hands with the wherewithal to meet the great needs of these worthy people.

New Book by Dr. Dawson.

The proof sheets of a new novel by Dr. W. J. Dawson, of London, soon to be issued by the Revell Company, has been shown to a few people, among them William E. Curtis, who writes to the *Record Herald* concerning the volume. According to this review, the book contains a severely critical attack on American Protestant Churches and the Christian Ministry, which is as heartless and profitless as it is unjustifiable. We will be surprised to see such a volume from the pen of Dr. Dawson, but accepting the statement of Mr. Curtis, it would seem hard to justify or even excuse such an attack upon American churches, even in the guise of fiction.

Death of Mrs. Chadwick.

The woman who attained great notoriety a year ago by means of a remarkable financial career, died in prison last week and was buried in her childhood home in Ontario. Immediately afterward her will was published, in which she disposed of over a million dollars' worth of property, which she manifestly had never possessed. Besides hundred of thousands given to relatives and friends, ten charitable institutions were to receive from twenty to one hundred thousand dollars each, and in every case the funds were to be named "Chadwick Memorial Funds." The will was made two years ago and either demonstrated the woman was insane or that her faith in the continuous gullibility of human nature was unlimited.

Stock Uproar in Wall Street.

Close on the heels of the reported victory won by Mr. Heinze, came the complete failure of the copper king and his associates. Late reports assert that Heinze and his confreres are expelled and are forever discredited in the New York stock market. Several failures have resulted and a total shrinkage of more than six hundred million is reported. The serious slump in stock values caused a panic on Wall street, but as the shrinkage is mostly on paper and due to inflated values, the conservative financiers seem to agree that the result will be beneficial to the conservative business world.

A New Park Site.

An act of philanthropy effecting the future of thousands of young citizens which ought to be duplicated in many quarters of the city, was recorded last week. Mrs. Mary Sayre Allen, a daughter of one of the pioneer residents of the town of Jefferson, gave a five-acre block at the corner of Belden and North Sixty-ninth avenue to the small park commission, to be made into a public city park.

A Kleptomaniac.

Chicago has been interested in the revelation of robberies recently committed by Mrs. Evelyn Romadka, the wife of a Milwaukee capitalist of wealth and standing, who has confessed to her guilt and admitted that a negro was her accomplice. The reason for her crime is unexplained. At first she tried to commit suicide and her husband began suit for a divorce; but later it is reported this suit has been withdrawn and he will aid in her defense.

Will of Nelson Morris.

One of the largest estates ever admitted to probate in Cook county will be that of Nelson Morris, estimated at over $20,000,000, upon which an inheritance tax amounting to about $200,000 will be paid to the state of Illinois. The Potter Palmer and George M. Pullman estates both exceeded $8,000,000, the Swift estate $10,000, the Armour estate $14,000,000, the Marshall Field estate approximately $75,000,000. We understand the Morris estate will be divided at once, each of the children receiving his full share. By the terms of the will Mr. Edward Morris was to retain possession of his father's immense business for fifteen years, but he has generously agreed to an immediate division of the estate, not even waiting for the will to be probated.

C. A. O.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUNDAY.—Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo.
MONDAY.—A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.
TUESDAY.—Friendship, like the immortality of the soul is too good to be believed.
WEDNESDAY.—My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me.
THURSDAY.—When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune.
FRIDAY.—Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal.
SATURDAY.—The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.

—EMERSON.

From Gate to Gate

I hear with joy the morning's hymn,
The noontide's song, the sunset's prayer,
The music of the vibrant stars,
O, Silent One, thy thought I share.

I pass a friend with cheer and smile;
A light falls on a blossomed tree.
Soul-quickened through my human sight,
O, Unseen One, thy veil I see.

I wrestle with the blinding storm
Until an evening afterglow
Above the day's horizon hangs
O, Unknown One, thy will I know.

From the full store of youth and hope
The hour's pilfering fingers steal.
In heart, in mind, in flesh and frame,
O, Quickening One, thy life I feel.

O, ever-real companionship!
Up the long path from gate to gate
Together! For the perfect sight
Eternal Friend, I wait, I wait.

—*Charles Poole Cleaves, in the Congregationalist.*

His Compliment

An assistant secretary of one of the Federal departments at Washington in conversation frequently betrays his Celtic origin. One day lately he lost his umbrella during a tour of several shops in quest of an article for his wife. Concluding that the umbrella must have been left in one of the three stores in question, he doubled on his trail and revisited them in turn. "The umbrella has not been found here," he was told at the first establishment. The same announcement was made at the second shop; whereupon the official with a hopeless air made his way to the third store. There, to his delight, the umbrella was awaiting him. As the floor walker handed it over the overjoyed Celt exclaimed:

"Well, I must say you are more honest here than at those other stores!"—*Selected.*

A Traveled Letter Box

As the time for reopening school draws near, thousands of young graduates will begin to realize with a shock the breaking of close ties that was comprehended, with other things, in the June days so full of pleasurable flutter. Companions of years are scattered far and wide with but poor prospect of even temporary reunions in the future. There is only Uncle Sam's mail service to be relied on, and faithful as that is, the zest of the correspondents is wont to lag after a season.

Without doubt it requires both time and zeal to write budgets to a dozen or more friends—and anyone who has ever enjoyed a real correspondence knows that only the most detailed, intimate sort of letters serve to keep such alive.

Twenty years ago the graduating class of a certain normal school in this country decided to start a circle letter, each member to contribute her quota to the budget as it traveled on its way. When the budget reached considerable bulk (there were several dozen participants), it was put in a tin box for safer traveling; and all these years since that tin box has been going its rounds from member to member, each of whom, as it comes round, removes her old letter and substitutes a new one before sending it on its way. One member is a missionary in India, and others are so widely scattered that it takes between two and three years for the box to make a complete circuit.

One can imagine the delight with which a woman whose school days are a score of years behind her, receives word from a classmate that the precious box is on the way. Then when it arrives! How many hours of pure delight are consecrated to the persual of its contents!

"Dear, dear!" whispers Mrs. M.—, as she sits reading under the evening lamp.

"What's the matter?" asks Mr. M.—, solicitously.

"Poor Sally W.—has lost her oldest son; he was drowned while in swimming. Oh, I am so sorry! She married a mining engineer, you may remember, and went 'way out West to live. I haven't seen her since we graduated."

Presently Mr. M.— hears an incredulous little "chortle."

"The idea!" says his wife, who has passed on to another letter.

"The idea of what?"

"Of Mamie S.— being a grandmother! Why, I can't believe it!"

And so, reading what's written and reading between the lines, Mrs. M.— has the heart story of her class. One woman, who has never married, entered her father's office after graduating, and has become a successful business woman. She encloses in her letter a newspaper clipping attesting her success. She says she has been abundantly happy. So says another woman who married a professor in a poor little freshwater college; there is no need for her to enlarge upon the struggles she must have had with a big family and a little income; every one can guess them. But she sends a group picture of her family, and no one can doubt her when she says she's the happiest woman alive.

Not many busy housekeepers and mothers of growing families can take time to write chatty, intimate letters to a score of girlhood friends, but there can be none so busy that she could not write one long letter in two years, and it would be impossible to overestimate the value of such a budget as we describe. Much of the charming, leisurely grace of our grandmother's letter-writing might be indulged in, and so written, the record of any life, however humdrum, is worth more than its weight in gold. By all means let many of these tin boxes be started on their travels, and let the women who contribute to them write straight from their hearts, saying, "So, and so, has life gone with me, and thus, and thus, have I learned of it, and 'surely goodness and mercy shall follow me.'" The intense human interest inherent in such a budget ought to exceed the inventions of any novelist; and each writers' opportunity for cheer and helpfulness is great enough to make a preacher or a poet envious.

E. M. Pratt.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Boston Congress Notes

NATIONAL REPORTS AND DEPARTMENTAL MEETINGS.

Wednesday, another bright day, the Congress sessions were continued by a largely attended communion service at King's Chapel at 9 a. m., while at 10 o'clock the hearing of national reports was continued at Tremont Temple. Abbé Houtin was on the platform this morning, as was also Mrs. Julia Ward Howe throughout the session. The first speaker was Professor T. G. Mazaryk, of Prague, introduced as one occupying a post of danger and a man who had suffered more than most for the cause of liberty and progress. He received a distinctly cordial welcome and spoke with great plainness of the religious anarchy prevailing in Austria, noting as coincident the rapid spread of socialism. Eighty-seven socialists now sit in the Austrian Parliament, a larger number than in any other country. Rev. N. Jozan, pastor of the Unitarian church at Budapest, followed with a spirited paper on the Ideals of Hungary. Mr. Jozan's command of English is so perfect both in accent and form that his address gave welcome relief from the strained attention that was often necessary to most Americans even when our continental guests made a courteous effort to address us in English. Dr. E. Rochat of Geneva, a man just in his prime and physically one of the largest men at the Congress, was the third speaker, giving us the survey of the State of Religious Liberalism in Romance Switzerland, which was crowded off the program on Tuesday. He spoke in French and, feeling pressed for time, spoke very rapidly, but to one conversant with the language and still more with religious happenings in French Switzerland, he was not difficult to follow. He spoke for the whole of French Switzerland: Lausanne and canton vaud as well as Geneva, and dealt more with the past than with the interesting conditions brought about by the recent vote abolishing the budget of worship in the canton of Geneva, and the prospects for the reorganization of the National Church. In private conversation with him on a subsequent occasion, I discovered that he feels very strongly on the subject of the Separation, national sentiment rather than logic governing his view of it, as is no doubt quite natural, at least for certain temperaments. It was a great overturning of conditions with which many people were satisfied as they were and it will require time, tact and forbearance to reorganize on a basis that shall be felt by all to be gain instead of loss. Prof. H. Y. Groenewegen, of Leyden, was interesting in his account of conditions in Holland, where, so far as politics affect them, liberalism is still at a disadvantage, but as he was to speak again at Plymouth, he might, perhaps, not unfairly have made way here for Prof. Lindberg of Sweden, who, crowded out the day before, now lost his last chance of speaking before the Congress as a whole, the report on Holland closing the last session in Tremont Temple.

At 2:30 that afternoon there was a reception by the Governor of the Commonwealth at the State House. Just previous to this two very successful photographs of the officers of the International Council and the foreign delegates were taken on the steps of the Unitarian headquarters. Copies of these can be procured from headquarters for $1.50 apiece.

In the seven years since the organization of the International Council it has secured such a constituency and support that at this, its fourth biennal Congress, it was found practical to form departments and have several meetings going on simultaneously. This was the new departure of Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. For individuals it of course had the great disadvantage of compelling the sacrifice of much that one would like to hear. Yet even so these department meetings were so largely attended that the meeting places proved too small and larger halls, secured at short notice, were in their turn overflowed.

On Tuesday afternoon were held meetings of the Department of Religious Education, presided over by Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, president of Meadville Theological School, with Rev. Henry T. Cope, secretary of the Religious Education Association, Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, Jr., of Amsterdam, and others as speakers; the Department of Theological Progress, Rev. George A. Gordon presiding, with addresses by Rev. Christopher G. Street, Manchester, England. Professor R. Eucken of the University of Jena, Rev. Gottfried Schoenholzer, Zurich, and others; and the Department of New Americans conducted by Dr. E. E. Hale. It was to this latter, originally scheduled for Channing Hall but wisely removed to Ford's Hall, that I turned immediately after the adjournment of the general session only to find the floor of the hall was already filled. I could only get a rear seat in the gallery, but this at least commanded a fine view of the whole assembly and there was little trouble in hearing the speakers. Those who are in the habit of reading Dr. Hale's department in the *Christian Register* will not have overlooked the issue in which he dealt with some of the immigration problems he would like to have considered at this meeting. Professor Mazaryk spoke of the needs of Bohemian immigrants, Rev. Tony André of Florence was heard in behalf of the Italians.

It was during his remarks that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made her appearance and was assisted to an arm chair on the platform. One would fain have had a photograph of that platform group at that moment: those two veteran and venerated leaders, Mrs. Howe and Dr. Hale in arm chairs but alert and interested, between them the young and lithe Florentine delegates with the representatives of Hungary and Bohemia and others in the background. But it was not alone from visitors to our shores that we heard. An American whose name I failed to catch spoke from his own experience among the Italians of Milford. He drew a marked distinction between the Italians of northern and southern Italy, declaring the former to have in them the material for good American citizens. They are men, he declared, passionately enamoured of liberty, alienated from the church because they have come to feel that the only church they know anything about, is inimical to liberty, men of keen intelligence who might be won to a reasonable religion by one who spoke their language and whom they could trust. He urged the publication of Unitarian tracts in Italian and the study of that language with a view to missionary work among them. Rev. A. Norman of Hanska, Minn., told of work among the Scandinavians of the Northwest and of the children singing the Battle hymn of the Republic in quite creditable fashion. The venerable author smiled her acknowledgment of the compliment and later spoke a few words of hearty interest and endorsement of various points brought out by the different speakers. In this matter of meeting the immigrant, protecting him from imposition and selfish exploitation and helping him on the way to honorable American citizenship, she saw some high tasks for the women's clubs. "I used to be called the mother of women's clubs," she declared, "but of late years they have quite got beyond my control." This meeting gave great satisfaction to various members of the Women's Alliance because she saw in it definite suggestions for work of a very practical sort. It is doubtless only a question of time ere we shall see results.

Wednesday's department meetings were those of Comity and Fellowship, of which Mr. Jones, who presided, has already told something in a UNITY editorial; that of Social and Public Service, presided over by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, and that of Women's Work, conducted by Miss Emma C. Low, president of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Christian Women. Naturally I went to the women's meeting, which had been wisely removed to

Ford's Hall. As I approached the building I met many women who assured me it was no use for me to proceed as there was no chance to get in. Nevertheless I proceeded and did manage to work my way to a place in the balcony from which it was possible to see the platform, though there was no chance to sit save on a step. The hall was simply packed, not even further standing room being available. This condition Miss Low declared contrary to law and called for the clearing of aisles and passage ways. Meanwhile the throng outside was clamoring for an overflow meeting. One was presently arranged and that announcement did more to clear the aisles, etc., than did the admonition about the law.

Though a women's meeting, a number of the foreign gentlemen were noticeable on the floor of the house, notably the Holland group, and Mr. Jozan. On the platform again was Mrs. Howe. Beside her was that veteran worker and Alliance ex-president, Mrs. Judith Andrews, mother of Clement W. Andrews, head of the John Crerar Library, while a brilliant group of American and foreign women filled the back of the platform. The American speakers were President Low, who gave a brief outline of the organization and activities of the Women's Alliance, and Mrs. Robert H. Davis, who told of the Postoffice Mission. Miss Van Eck, of Leyden, gave a very interesting account of women's work in Holland, where they are not allowed to preach but are carefully trained as teachers of religion and have all the Sunday-school work in their hands. They have also adopted from us the Postoffice Mission with very great success. Miss von Petzold, whom all were particularly anxious to hear, was a little disappointing because instead of giving a direct, spontaneous talk, she read a long paper, prepared for some other occasion, on woman's right to enter the Christian ministry. She was much more interesting, it is said, at the overflow meeting, where she spoke extemporaneously on her own work as minister. One of the brightest, pithiest speakers was the delegate from New Zealand, Miss Richmond, if I remember rightly. She gave an encouraging account of Unitarian prospects in that remote but very progressive land. On the adjournment of their meeting the local ladies served tea at headquarters, where there was an almost impassable throng upstairs and down, still I did get around enough to speak with several old friends not met here before, among them John Fretwell, who still lingers on this side of the Atlantic. M. E. H.

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